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THE CONFERENCE IN THE BALCONY OVERLOOKING THE HOOGLY.

THE INDIAN NABOB:

OR, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

CHAPTER XIII.—A CONVERSATION WHICH WILL LEAD TO IMPORTANT RESULTS.

"You will spend the evening with me; I shall be
No. 321, 1858.

alone," said Mr. Dalzell, as we alighted in front of his residence; and putting aside, in his kind but peremptory manner, the boyish excuses I attempted to make, he led the way to a spacious and richly-furnished apartment overlooking the river. "You

will also remain here till morning," he continued; adding, with a smile, "if you can for one night forego the comforts of your dormitory near the Fort."

I shall pass over the interval which was occupied with what seemed to me then a sumptuous banquet, placed upon the table by native servants or waiters, called *khitmutgars*; it was not till the cloth was removed, and the servants withdrawn, that my friendly host unbent himself, and referred either to the interview I had just witnessed, or—what was more personally interesting to myself—to my own individual affairs.

And before I proceed to the conversation which then followed, I may confess—what I well remember—that one thing troubled me—disappointed me, at least. I had calculated that the "alone" of which Mr. Dalzell spoke, was not meant to exclude the bright vision which had greeted my eyes and taken possession, for a time, of my sober senses, at the ghaut, two months before. In other words, I hoped that Zillah would make her appearance at the table. But my expectations were deceived: our dinner was strictly *tête-à-tête*, and throughout the evening no word dropped from the host which gave me an opening to remark on the absence of his grand-daughter.

Well, the cloth was removed, the *khitmutgars* were withdrawn, and we shifted our chairs to the open window. It was a glorious evening: the stifling heat of the day had succumbed to the brisk and cooling night air, laden with delicious perfumes; and the moon of a cloudless sky was reflected by the rippling waves of the beautiful Hooghly. Outside the window was a wide balcony, surmounted by a verandah, and furnished with shades, which now, however, were withdrawn, and enriched with flowering shrubs in ornamental vases. I remember it all, Archie. I remember how I sighed, almost with envy, as I looked on the lovely scene without, and then cast my eyes on the appliances of wealth by which I was surrounded. Youth-like, I fancied how happy the owner must be; and I looked forward with something like dismay at the long course of work which lay before me in prospect before I could hope to realize even the comfort of a home. From this reverie I was roused by the voice of my companion: thus—

Mr. Dalzell (smiling rather mournfully, I thought). It is not all gold that glitters, Hector. Yes, I see I have hit upon your thoughts. I told you this evening that I could read countenances, though no conjuror; and your countenance is a very tall-tale one. Have you never heard this before?

Hector. Not exactly, sir: I think I have been told something like it sometimes; but is this a fault?

Mr. Dalzell. No, not a fault; and it ought not to be a misfortune. (After a pause). That depends on circumstances. But we will not speak of this. (Abruptly). That was a singular man we saw just now—the native merchant, I mean. What did you think of him, Hector?

Hector. I did not like his looks, sir. But I am not used to these black people; and I may be quite mistaken.

Mr. Dalzell. Mistaken in what?

Hector. In thinking this merchant to be—shall I speak out, sir?

Mr. Dalzell. I don't know why you should not.

Hector. In thinking him to be crafty, insincere, revengeful, and treacherous. But then—

Mr. Dalzell. I understand you. Men are not answerable, Hector, for distinctive marks of race, or for national and climatic characters of feature. There are some people on the face of the earth who are physically ugly to our taste, and may yet be morally beautiful. The shape of a man's skull, and the peculiar formation of his jaw, and the position of his cheek-bones, are matters with which he has no more to do than with the colour of his skin and hair, and the height of his stature; but it is for him and with him to superadd repulsiveness or attractiveness to these gifts of creative wisdom and power. And so you think this merchant to be crafty, insincere, and so forth. You are right. He is a rich man, though, Hector.

Hector. I should imagine so, sir, from the number of his servants and his beautiful gardens.

Mr. Dalzell. The richest man in Calcutta, Hector, and perhaps the most miserable. Did you hear—no, you did not, though; that is, you did not understand. By the way, it is a pity you do not learn the vernacular. You must learn it.

Hector. I beg your pardon, sir: the—

Mr. Dalzell. The vernacular tongue—Hindustanee.

Hector (frightened). I can't indeed: I—I—I could never learn even Latin. You do not know, Mr. Dalzell, what a great blockhead I am.

Mr. Dalzell (quickly). Who says so?

Hector. Everybody, sir; and (remorsefully) I know it myself.

Mr. Dalzell. O—h! (very prolonged). Well, Hector, I said just now that a man is not accountable for the shape of his skull; neither is he for the quantity of brains inside; but he is for the use he makes of them. Don't you think so?

Hector. Certainly, sir. At least—

Mr. Dalzell. I would not qualify the admission. We are told in the best and truest of all books, that "if there be a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not:" let it rest there. But this Omichund—you saw how excited he became in the course of our dispute; how his thin claw-like fingers clutched his *dopatta* in impotent rage, and his lips quivered, while his voice purred, purred, purred in our ears. It was all about a few score of rupees, which he had avariciously endeavoured wrongfully to retain—to intercept in their passage from our Company to a poor native dallal whom he would have ruined but for my interference. And all the time he was boiling over with suppressed rage at being thus detected, he was protesting that he was the humble slave of the Sahibs, and that he only lived in the sunshine of their smile. You say well, Hector; the man is crafty, insincere, and treacherous; yet it is needful to keep on fair terms with him and such as he is. But enough of this. You have thought me ungrateful—I beg pardon, unthankful, Hector.

Hector. You charged me with thinking so, sir; but I hope you do not think—

Mr. Dalzell (not heeding my half-uttered disclaimer). Ah, but I have not forgotten my swim for dear life, and my young (and so forth : you can supply what compliments you please, Archie). But let me explain. Since I saw you last, I have been up the country ; and besides this, I wanted to know something more about you than I had seen on ship-board ; so I have practised a little oriental craft upon you, Hector. Do you understand ?

I confessed that I did not.

Mr. Dalzell. It is not much ; do not be alarmed. The fact is, a trusty spy of mine has kept ward and watch over you ; and I know more of you than probably you are aware. Are you offended ?

I confess, Archie, that I felt disturbed. There is something repugnant to one's feelings to be under secret surveillance, and mortifying to vanity to have been outwitted. At the same time, my host addressed me so kindly, and smiled so pleasantly at my evident discomposure, that the slight flush of anger passed as rapidly as it came. Shall I acknowledge, too, Archie, that another and not less powerful motive to forbearance and submission insinuated itself ?

"A little offended, I see," continued my friend ; "but there is no need. I have your character : shall I tell you how I read it ?"

Hector. If you please ; that is, if it is not too dark, sir.

Mr. Dalzell (gravely). If our hearts could be seen by each other, Hector, as God sees them, I doubt whether they would not look dark enough. But don't be alarmed ; I shall conjure up no black spectre.

I need not repeat from memory the rest of this singular conversation. It is enough that Mr. Dalzell, like a skilful dissector, laid bare many thoughts and feelings which I fancied had been securely enough concealed ; but on the whole, he presented me with a more favourable delineation than I had expected.

"You told me just now that you were a block-head," he added ; "now you do yourself wrong, you are not *that* ; but you have allowed your faculties to remain dormant. This is wrong. Now, I wish you to repair the wrong : will you put yourself under my tuition ?"

I stammered, that if it would not be putting me under too great an obligation—

"Which, you would say, you are too proud to sustain," Mr. Dalzell interposed, with a smile.

"You forget, Hector, on which side the obligation must ever be the heaviest—'skin for skin ; all that a man hath will he give for his life ;' and you saved my life. The only question is, will you let me meet the obligation, as far as I can, in my own way ?"

"If there were any necessity to return it at all : yes, oh yes ; but—"

Mr. Dalzell (without heeding me). In my own way. Plainly and frankly, you may not like my way when you have tried it. If you were like many other young men, who come out, as they call it, I could show my thanks for the service you rendered me, in a way that would not be at all troublesome to you—not immediately troublesome, at least.

Hector (sadly). I was afraid you would find out how very stupid I am, sir.

Mr. Dalzell. Silly boy, you don't understand me. Do you not see what a compliment I pay you, in thinking that you are worth giving trouble to, and taking trouble with ? Now look, Hector, if I were to say, I value my life at so much—ten thousand rupees, for instance, and were to put them into your hand, and say, "There, now we are quits—"

Hector (sharply). I should not take them, Mr. Dalzell. I beg your pardon ; but—

Mr. Dalzell. There now, see. And yet you groan because I have had perception enough to judge you to be different from fifty other young men.

Hector (meekly). I am sure, I beg your pardon, sir ; but I did not understand you before.

Mr. Dalzell. Well, now that we do understand one another, Hector, we will go back to my proposition. I cannot offer to make a rich man of you, that is plain ; but I may do something better, perhaps. I asked you just now if you would put yourself under my tuition ; will you ?

Unhesitatingly, this time, I answered that I would. Let me say here, Archie, that in this interview, and ever afterwards, Mr. Dalzell's influence over me was that of a strong and experienced and cultivated mind over one that was weaker and less experienced. He was, I have no doubt, quick to perceive that he had this power ; but he neither abused nor paraded it. On the contrary, setting aside our difference of age, he treated me as his equal, laughed good-naturedly at my fancied inferiority, and encouraged me to self-reliance.

Mr. Dalzell (in continuation). If I take you under my training, Hector, I shall expect "a willing mind." It is my intention to set you to work.

I thought I had work enough as it was. I suppose that my looks said as much.

"I see," he went on, "that you rather demur at this ; nevertheless, I am in earnest. But, first of all, I wish you to disabuse your mind of two dangerous fallacies, of which you seem to be rather proud. The first is, that, individually and personally, you are deficient in ability."

"But I really believe I am," I said earnestly ; "and surely that is nothing to be proud of !"

"Well, I mean to test your capacity. And, to begin, I will introduce you to-morrow evening, if you will call, to an intelligent and learned native, who will style himself your moonshee."

Hector. I beg pardon again, sir ; but I am very dull. I do not even know what a moonshee is.

Mr. Dalzell. A teacher of languages. We must make a scholar of you.

I shook my head very lugubriously.

Mr. Dalzell. Well ; if it is labour thrown away, I must bear my share of the mortification ; but I do not anticipate defeat there. Your second fallacy is a more obstinate one. You DARES are great men in England.

Hector (proudly). They have been, sir ; there is nothing to boast of now.

Mr. Dalzell. As much as ever there was, at any rate. You are proud of birth, and blood, and

ancestors : now, you must forget all this—forget that you are a Dare. You think that your present occupation is beneath you.

Hector. I am sure I have never said so, sir.

Mr. Dalzell (impressively.) If you have never thought so—if you do not think so at this moment—I will never again profess to read countenances.

Hector. I am afraid I must plead guilty to a sort of prejudice—

Mr. Dalzell. Prejudice; yes, you call it by the right name: there is hope for you, I see. Well, you must dismiss this prejudice: I might release you from your engagements; but I shall not. We English are middle-class men in India, Hector. There is an aristocracy; but it is an aristocracy of talent and character, not of birth or blood.

"But we have had enough of this, now," continued Mr. Dalzell, in his abrupt manner; "let us change the subject:" and, without giving me time to rally, he began at once to pour out fresh stores of information from his strong and cultivated mind; dazzling me (inexperienced as I was) with the beauty, and richness, and fertility of his illustrations, while he instructed me from the inexhaustible fund of knowledge which seemed to be at his command.

Late at night I was conducted by my host to a chamber, where soon afterwards, on a luxurious couch, and with mosquito curtains closely drawn around me, I thought over the events of the evening, till I fell asleep, and dreamt of England and Dare Hall.

CHAPTER XIV.

MAAZULLA; AND A REMINISCENCE OF THE SACK OF DELHI IN 1739.

If any doubt arose in my mind as to whether I should avail myself of Mr. Dalzell's offered friendship, it was soon dismissed; and before many days had passed away, I was his constant guest. Guest, indeed, is scarcely the right word; for though I did not shift my quarters from the Factory, and still continued my mercantile labours at the desk, I came very soon to look upon the comfortable house of my rich patron as a kind of paternal home.

Mr. Dalzell was in earnest when he talked of setting me to work. Himself immersed in the business of the Factory, and possessing an energy which seemed incapable of fatigue, he would have had little sympathy with physical infirmity, and none with youthful idleness. I soon discovered this; and, at first, piqued into conformity with his wishes, I believe that I gradually imbibed something of his spirit.

True to his engagement, he introduced me to a native, some years under middle age, who was to be my moonshee, or teacher. The introduction took place in the library of Mr. Dalzell, who, by the way, was no despicable Oriental scholar, and who also had a good collection of English literature, which he placed at my command. My moonshee was a Mahomedan. He spoke English fluently; and although I was at first awed by his extreme gravity, and almost terrified when he commenced his elementary instructions, we soon got on comfortably; and if he found me a dull scholar, he proved himself to be an entertaining

and pleasant companion. For instance, one evening, several weeks after the commencement of our acquaintance, as I sat yawning over a hard lesson in Hindostanee, "Maazulla," said I, "this is dry work; it tires me; let me throw it aside. You said you would one day tell me your history. Let it be now: I will listen."

Maazulla (putting his papers away). Assuredly. The camel drank till the well became muddy. You must leave off drinking.

Hector. Muddy enough; but you do me too much honour. I am not like a camel. You will tell me your history, however, master mine.

Maazulla (with mock gravity and submission). To hear is to obey. I was born at Delhi. My father was a merchant, and wealthy. He had a large house in one of the principal streets of the city, and kept many servants. He had many children also; but I know not if one other than myself be living.

"It is the common lot, moonshee," I ventured to interpose; for the swarthy hand of my teacher was drawn across his brow, while he suddenly paused, as though some painful reminiscence crossed his mind.

Maazulla (composedly, but sadly). It was no common lot, Sahibzādā, which befel them. Surely mine eyes have seen father, mother, brothers and sisters weltering in blood, lifeless, murdered; and I only am here to speak of it, unhappy that I am, who could not save them! But it was predestined, and Allah is merciful.

He paused again; and I could but think of the reiterated tidings which reached the ears of the patriarch Job: "They are dead; and I only am escaped to tell thee."

Hector. Pardon me, Maazulla (I said). I knew not that the remembrance was thus painful, or I would not have given way to idle curiosity. Say no more, good moonshee.

Maazulla. Nay, it is past. My father, as I told you, was wealthy, and I was his eldest son. He would have me follow in his steps as a merchant, but he desired also for me that I should be more learned than himself; and I had teachers who instructed me, not only in Hindostanee, but in Arabic and Persian. Thus, when I had arrived at early manhood, I had some reputation as a scholar, and was preparing also to take part in the cares and mercantile affairs of my father. It was at this time, zādā (continued he)—namely, some fourteen or fifteen years since—that the Persian monster, Nadir Shah, whom may (I shall not repeat poor Maazulla's direful objurgations, however) came down, with his great army, on the plains of India. He had, as you know, usurped the throne of his master, whose eyes he caused to be put out with barbarous cruelty, and then spread his victorious troops over the Afghan country. Thence he marched onward to Hindostan, and arrived within four days' march of Delhi, before Mahomed Shah received tidings of his approach.

Hector. I have heard of this, Maazulla; also how the troops of the Mogul emperor, who were sent out against the invader, were defeated, and their commander slain; while yet the Persian shah professed that he had no evil intent against his royal brother of Delhi. Was it not so?

Maazulla. You say truly, zādā. The story is

long to tell; I will hasten over it. Let it be enough, that the great emperor was inveigled to the camp of the invader, who thereupon entered the city in great pomp, still declaring amity, while his royal guest was none other than a prisoner, redeemable only by enormous ransom. For two days did the Persian usurper and oppressor hold possession of the royal city, and as yet abstained from violence; but in the middle of the night rose a rumour that the angel of death had stricken Nadir Shah, and then commenced a frightful massacre of the inhabitants of our unhappy city.

"Yet have I heard, moonshee," said I, doubtfully, "that the conflict was begun by the people of Delhi themselves, who rose upon their guests, and put some of them to the sword, while unprepared for what, for want of a better name, we English call treachery."

"Treachery!" exclaimed Maazulla, with sparkling eyes and rapid enunciation; "the treachery of an antelope driven to bay, who defends itself with its antlers as best it may, against the fangs of the cruel cheetah. Pardon me, zádá; but my blood boils when I remember my wrongs. It is enough that, as the conflict advanced, the invader seated himself in the balcony of a small and beautiful mosque, near to my father's house; and there, drawing his sword, he listened to the ten thousand cries of despair, and yells of savage triumph, which ascended to heaven, from midnight to mid-day, until the streets of the city ran with blood of thousands; and when, at length, moved by the prayers of the captive Mahomed, who witnessed the miseries of his people without power to aid, the usurper sheathed his sword, and commanded that the work of destruction should cease, then did he give up the city to plunder, and the remaining inhabitants to torture and nameless indignities. For five-and-thirty days did the tyrant revel in his work of vengeance, until pestilence drove him from the city, which had become a desolation, and a heap of smoking ruins."

Hector. And your parents, Maazulla?—your house?

Maazulla. I was beguiling my time, zádá, in a distant suburb of the city, when the tumult began, and the cry arose that the treacherous guests were murdering their unsuspecting hosts.* With the swiftness of a gazelle I ran towards my father's house, through narrow and intricate by-ways, which were as yet silent and unmolested. I sprang into the court, and entered the interior of the dwelling. There were shouting and shrieking without and around, but silence within—it was the stillness of death. An unextinguished lamp hung in an outer apartment. I seized it, and tremblingly passed from room to room, until I reached the zenáná. Pardon me, zádá; I dare not trust my tongue to tell—one brother only was missing.

Hector. Speak no more of it, moonshee. Tell me, rather, what you did then.

Maazulla. Zádá, I know not, save that I sought vengeance and death. That vengeance came, I knew by my blood-stained weapons and

garments; but death came not. I escaped unharmed; and then a burning fever prostrated me, and oblivion sealed my senses; but the shadow of the angel of death passed away, and then I found myself in the hut of a poor water-carrier, who had nourished me in my sore sickness. In due time strength returned to me, and then the marauders had departed, bearing away the spoils of the unhappy city. I sought my father's house once more. It had been stripped of all its rich merchandise, and the hidden wealth of my father had also disappeared. Then I bethought me of the *sahib log* (the lordly people), of whom I had heard, and beneath whose shadow and protection the persecuted might dwell in peace and safety. Sahib-zádá, I came hither, and am your honoured moonshee.

"And now," continued Maazulla, drawing towards him the book he had laid aside, "the well has cleared again—the camel can drink." And we finished our evening's work.

It was by episodal narratives like this that my moonshee lightened my trials, and enticed me onward in the thorny paths of oriental learning.

POTSDAM AND ITS PALACES.

WE had determined, on the last day of our sojourn at Berlin, to visit Potsdam, and see there the country residences of the royal family of Prussia; but during the night and early morning the rain came down in torrents, and threatened to derange our plans. At last, on the weather brightening a little, our "English energy," as our friends here call it, was roused by one of our party, who was less tired of sight-seeing than the rest, and we determined to risk it. So, hastily dressing, we reached the Potsdam terminus just in time for the 10 A.M. train.

The scenery, until you reach Potsdam, is, like most of the country immediately surrounding Berlin, flat and uninteresting. On arriving, we immediately hired one of the carriages, always in waiting for sight-seers, and, having formed our own plan for the day, declined the assistance of the expectant guides, and directed our coachman to drive at once to the New Palace.

Our way led first through Potsdam, where we were struck with the handsome buildings, as also by the deserted appearance of the streets. The Royal Palace is large, and much ornamented; but we satisfied ourselves with seeing the exterior as we passed. We drove on for about two miles (English), passing some pretty country houses, and also the grounds of Charlottenhof, a little palace, built in the Pompeian style. Soon, however, we came to two large buildings, one on either side of the road, but standing back, and separated from it by large gravelled courts. The question now arose, as to which of the two was the one, in undertaking the building of which, immediately after the termination of the seven years' war, Frederick the Great resolved to give to his enemies one proof that, after so long and trying a struggle, he was no worn-out conqueror, either in energy or resources. On a nearer approach, we saw that it was the building on the right. The one on the opposite side, now used as barracks, was formerly

* By Mr. Dore.—"I am afraid, Archie, that for guests you must read *hosts*, and for *hosts*, *guests*. But poor Maazulla was firmly convinced of the truth of his version of the history of the sack of Delhi in 1739."

employed for servants' offices. Crossing the court, we entered a large hall, in the centre of which was a splendid vase, of finely-painted porcelain (presented by the late Emperor of Russia), on one side representing the shipwreck of Peter the Great. We then passed into the Muschel Saal (Grotto Saloon), a large but rather low room, the walls and pillars of which are entirely covered with shells of all descriptions, with corals, stones, and minerals. Some of them are very fine specimens. The idea is singular; but the lowness of the room detracts a little from the effect. Marble, gilding, and painted ceilings are here in profusion; but all these, and the formerly fine stuffs for the furniture, are faded, and its internal glory has passed away with its founder; for I believe it has, since his time, been only occasionally used, and there is now a desolateness and loneliness about the whole building.

At last, after going through a great many rooms, hung with rather uninteresting pictures, we came to some smaller apartments, the first of which was Frederick's private room. There stood his writing-table, inked and soiled, as he had used it. Then, passing a sort of passage-room, where were some curious old china, his chess-table, and some books, we entered his library, a rather small and narrow room, the books being ranged on one side, in glass cases. There was also a pen-and-ink portrait of Voltaire, sketched by the king himself, somewhat caricatured, but very like every other portrait of him, displaying truly a keen intellect and sneering sarcasm, but not one trace of benevolence or happiness.

But we must go on to Sans Souci, also built by Frederick the Great, and a favourite residence of the present king. The drive to it is very pretty, the royal gardens lying on each side of the road. The vines, trained from pillar to pillar and from tree to tree, have a very beautiful effect, particularly in autumn.

Close to Sans Souci, and nearly opposite to the entrance, is the famous windmill, which still belongs to the descendants of the bold miller who dared to refuse compliance with the wishes of the great conqueror. The actual mill is not standing, as Frederick built a new and better one, after the tribunal, to which the miller had appealed, had decided in the poor man's favour. There it is—a monument of the respect paid to the rights of the poor, as well as the generosity and love of justice of a great king.

We walked up the short avenue leading to the palace, and, while trying to discover which of the French windows was the entrance, we saw a man, whom we supposed to be a visitor like ourselves, come out of one of them. Without, perhaps, thinking enough of proprieties—where he walked out, we walked in. We went round one room, and then into another, which looked into the garden, where a sentinel was standing, who observed us for one moment, and then beckoned to some one in the garden. We naturally thought it was to summon a conductor; but no sooner did the man enter, than he began scolding us in no measured terms. Nothing moved him; he would not show us the palace. The king was coming in two days; everything was ready for his Majesty; and visitors made so much dust! Unfortunately, the usual

efficacy of a honorarium did not occur to us until too late. However, we consoled ourselves by wandering in the gardens, which are laid out in the stiff French style, in terraces. At one end of the first are the graves of Frederick's favourites. One large and five small stones mark the spot where lie buried five of his dogs, and the charger that had borne him in many a battle. A flight of steps, in the centre, leads from terrace to terrace to the pleasure-grounds, where are the beautiful fountains. Thence extends, on either side, a fine avenue.

From Sans Souci we drove to the Pfingstberg, a hill, on which there is an unfinished building, but already forming three sides of a square, of which only the outer works are complete; and after ascending a flight of steps, you reach a broad walk. From the two corners of this gallery rise high towers. We mounted the spiral staircase of one of them, and from that elevation the view was very extensive and picturesque, well diversified with wood and water, particularly Potsdam itself and its more immediate environs.

The Havel (on which river Potsdam is situated) extends itself very much just here, forming a long lake, interspersed with pretty green islands. The shores are wooded, on the bright grass slopes, down to the water's edge; while the green is enlivened by the different palaces and other buildings, which partially appear, embosomed in the dark foliage. The Greek Church, with its green dome, points out the situation of the picturesque Russian colony, which we had just passed. It consists of several pretty dark wooden cottages, built in the Russian style, which were presented by the king to some Russian families, as a compliment to the emperor.

But the time was passing, and we were growing very hungry, so that we were not sorry that dinner was to be our next occupation. We passed Glinicke, the very pretty palace of Prince Carl. The garden here is kept in beautiful order, and is only divided from the road by the slightest possible wire fence, so that the public enjoy the privilege of seeing it. Almost opposite Prince Carl's palace is the Restaurant; and, seeing the tables looking very white and pretty under the trees, we decided on dining out of doors, in preference to a low room up-stairs, which I had occupied the last time I was there.

After partaking of refreshments, we hastened to Babertsberg, the palace of the Prince of Prussia. The lodge gates were opened by a remarkably fine tall man, who, I fancy, has obtained his situation of porter in reward as much for his size as for his services. His daughter was our guide through the very pretty grounds. The grass, well kept and prettily planted with trees, slopes down to the water's edge. The palace is built in the modern Gothic style. A long, low, projecting porch, covered with climbing plants, is entered by a sort of wicket gate. There are pretty and curious things in the hall, and the walls of the staircases are ornamented with specimens of carving, etc. The rooms are not very large, but are furnished and arranged in very good taste, looking altogether more English than anything I have seen since I left my home. The dining-room is ornamented with armour, and contains besides a curious col-

lection of drinking-glasses and vessels. The sitting-room of the princess is very charming, and the view from the windows is, I should think, the prettiest that could be found. On the table lay several English books, among which I noticed an old friend, "The Pearl of Days." In the next room was an engraving of our royal family; and, in a recess, a charming portrait of the Princess of Prussia; and, below it, one of her godson, our Prince Arthur.

The apartments of the Princess Louisa, the present Duchess of Baden, were very simple, but looked most cool and home-like; but those of the Prince Frederick William were at the time still unfinished. We then went up a long winding staircase in the tower to the guest-chamber, a room full of comforts and curiosities, and from the windows one enjoys a splendid view over the tops of the trees in the park across the water, and then far away into the blue distance. Descending again, we passed through and along the gallery which crosses the end of the dining-hall, and then through some other passages to the Prince of Prussia's apartments—a bedroom, simply furnished, and his private sitting-room, the latter being cheerful-looking and containing many interesting objects: among others I noticed several English engravings, old acquaintances of former days. A short staircase brought us again into the hall, and, after inscribing our names in the visitors' book, we bade adieu to the fairy-like palace of Babelsberg.

After remaining a little time strolling in the grounds, we hastened to the railroad. Though fatigued with sight-seeing, we could only regret that the time for leaving Potsdam had really come, but sojourned ourselves, or at least myself, with the promise of revisiting it, and completing our tour of the Versailles of Berlin.

THE CRYSTAL CAVE AT ARTA.

VERY few people know anything about Japan, and yet there are fifty millions of human beings in those islands. They are reading and writing, buying and selling, working and saving, living and dying; and some are rich, and learned, and brave, and wise. How very, very few of all these myriads shall we ever see until that great day when the millions of millions of the earth shall meet once, never to meet again for ever and ever!

But there are islands much nearer than Japan, which few of us ever hear of or think about; and of these, I suppose, that the Balearic Isles in the Mediterranean are amongst the least visited by travellers. Did you ever meet anybody who has been in the Balearic Isles? Yet these islands are deeply interesting. They have magnificent mountains, fine towns, splendid gardens, and active, sprightly, intelligent people; but, alas! they are all immersed in Popery, and this is one reason why we hear so little about them.

Last summer we visited these islands; and first we stopped at Iviza, where the old Romans' iron hands had reared their stately walls. "Iron and clay" was the Roman emblem in the vision of Daniel; nothing could be so true a picture of the people it represented. But the hardy, vigorous

grasp with which Rome once held the world was loosened by the vices of her people, and the books they wrote, and the stones they stamped with their noble language, are the only relics left of a proud and imperial sway. Rome has outlived the Romans, for God has kept the city for another purpose, perhaps to harbour this fearful Antichrist, which he has promised to "destroy with the brightness of his appearing."

Majorca was the next island we landed upon. The capital is Palma, a very pretty town. The cathedral towers above the ramparts, and inside of it, there is a wondrous scene of beauty and a wondrous mass of trash. The beauty is in the pillars, the windows, and the carving; the trash is in the relics of old bones and paintings. The grandest architecture may enshrine the most abject superstition. Art may be exquisite in adorning the most childish nonsense of worship. Greeks, who could build a Parthenon, would call Paul a "babbling." Verily, the true religion needs not the chisel and the trowel to set it off.

But these poor votaries of Rome at Palma will not be judged as you and I shall be. The light of the Gospel does not beam on their eyes; the page of the Bible is not open before them; the lovely influence of the Sunday school does not enchain their younger days. They have no young men's societies for their expanding souls, and their hoary heads lie down in a bookless, godless darkness, which, if it shadowed us in England, might account for many of our false steps, and the sins we now must answer for if they are not pardoned, for we cannot excuse them.

We hired a horse and cart to make a tour of the island. The driver sat on a sheepskin, with his legs on each side of the horse's flanks. The strange dialect this man spoke made it very difficult to converse with him; but his excessive desire to hear of England, and England's religion, and England's laws, seemed to force us to speak, and enabled him to understand. Travelling without knowing the language of the people you are thrown amongst, for weeks and months, is a hard thing for the Christian who strives to let his "light shine before men." You are cast, then, almost wholly upon *example* for a means of usefulness; but this, with prayer to guide it, is soon found to be blessed far beyond our highest expectations.

In Libya we recollect some Arabs who noticed that we observed the Sunday; in Egypt we found that some Copts had been constantly talking about our daily reading of "The Book;" in Norway the people scan the Christian's walk with careful scrutiny; and in Spain our abstinence from a bull-fight raised the most curious questions amongst the people. Every observant traveller must have noticed how readily all foreign nations understand that "the Englishman is religious." And if they give us this character, although it is belied, alas! by so many thousands of English travellers every year, let us bless God for the influence of example when we cannot use that of conversation.

This Majorcan driver said he had always thought a Protestant meant "somebody who does not accept the Bible." He drank in the elements of scriptural truth with a serious anxiety I never saw surpassed. That we believed, and read the

Word, that we worshipped without images, prayed to Jesus and not the Virgin, ate bread and drank wine by Christ's command in commemoration of his death, allowed our clergy to marry, listened to laymen teaching the Bible, maintained we could go to heaven without purgatory, loved Christ because he redeemed us, and tried to live righteously by his Spirit, because we loved him—all these were strange new truths he had never once heard before. Poor fellow! how he gazed on the Spanish Bible I gave him.

"Is this the very book our priests won't let us read?"

"Yes, my friend, it was written by God for you, and now he has sent you a copy. Read, pray, and believe, and you will surely meet me in heaven."

The gardens in the island are magnificent, with groves of cool oranges, orchards weighed down with figs, the ground covered with luscious grapes, and melons more luxuriant than I ever saw in the tropics.

We stopped a night at Monaco, in the house of a worthy wine-presser. Very soon we talked of the great things of the next world, and he instantly became interested; for what *can* be so interesting as the very essence of truth, if you only tell it in simplicity and in earnest? Nothing seems to me more terribly delusive than the idea, that all sinners will not listen to the gospel. This is one of the countless excuses invented by "the father of lies," to help the apathy of those who will not speak. Four out of every five people will always give attention at first. There are very few indeed, who are not amazed and delighted with the beauteous gospel light when first it is unveiled before them.

The man in question said he worshipped "Santa Maria" and the figures of saints; he plainly and clearly told me he was an idolater, and he was at once struck with the announcement that God was a spirit, like a *soul*, all-seeing, all-powerful, all-good; and that, "in segundo mandamiento," he had told us expressly, "no feche figura de me." Frequently during the evening the man came to my room and repeated these words, "God is a spirit, and he tells us in the Second Commandment, 'make no image of me.'"

Next morning, by starlight, I watched the people going to their church. The bells ring at five o'clock, and the villagers assemble for prayers before they go to work. The men have high hats, short jackets, and large trowsers, like the Syrians and Greeks. The farmers wear long flowing hair on their shoulders, and the women have white crape veils, or mantillas, or high-peaked hats, with a peacock's feather waving aloft.

Again the wine-presser came to speak of the commandment, "Christ died for us: God is a spirit—Is that true, Señor?" A friend of his passed as I was talking, and the man called him near and told the strange truth, but the other went away. The wine-presser called another, and as I pointed to the Virgin's image, they all adored. He proclaimed loudly among the little group that soon gathered round, how God had said we must not worship images. In a few minutes the priest came up, and dispersed our open-air service; but I shall never forget this evidence

of inquiry among benighted Romanists; and who can say but that some of them may remember the truth they heard?

Some days afterwards I passed again through the town, and the man hastened to assure me he had made up his mind that what God said was good. The little seed was rooted: may the Lord make it fruitful!

In a day or two, our poor horse was knocked up by the fiery hot sun, so I left him and his driver, and shouldered my knapsack to walk alone, with an old map as a guide that had been made some eighty years ago. The people stared everywhere at the man with the knapsack. When he went into a cabin for a glass of water, they crowded round to see, and they wondered more when he took out of his bundle a little Spanish Bible, and said: "This was all written for you; it has the best of news in it; I will tell you a little, but I have no more copies to give."

A lump of black bread and an apple were the usual things to eat; but when I went into the fig-groves, and said, "Let me pluck as many figs as I can eat, and here is a penny," they were glad to be so well paid.

We went to the furthest end of the island to see the far-famed Cave of Arta, which is reputed to be the most splendid specimen of a crystal grotto in the world. A bustling little woman in the village promised us quarters for the night; but the guide for the cave "could not be had until to-morrow." In my best possible Spanish, I insisted I must see the cave that day, and they could not imagine why a traveller should willingly march forty miles at a stretch. At length I found a Spaniard who could talk a little Latin, and with some eggs and macaroni we set off for the Cave of Arta.

The guide soon got deeply interested in religious conversation. "Is God in England? What part of England is France in? Is not there a 'grande barca' (a very great ship) building in Inghlaterra?" These were the questions of inquisitive ignorance that made me yearn to teach so intelligent a man. Even in the heart of Spain, I found the people had heard of the famous charge of our light cavalry in the Crimea, and a muleteer who had never seen the sea, asked me if the "Great Eastern" was as big as he was told.

Three hours of smart walking and brisk talking brought us over a rocky country to the bold cliffs breasting the sea, where a cave's mouth yawns broadly in a mountain's side. We lighted some pine brands and descended to the darkness. As critical people might object to the flood of light represented in the wood-cut, I may explain that sometimes the cavern is illuminated by Bengal lights. It is indeed a noble cavern. The floor is of rocks heaped over each other in wild confusion. The roof is like that of a cathedral, with a hundred aisles and ten thousand pillars. For more than three hours we wandered among lofty columns, glittering with crystals, drooping in graceful pendants, clustered in massive groups, arching here over endless ways of darkness, and encircling there the cool bright waters of a quiet spring. Some of the pillars have hung for ages without any support from the ground; others are reared on high in peaks and



THE CRYSTAL CAVE AT ARTA.

points that are still too short to reach the lofty ceiling. Some are pink, or grey, or white in colour, and far too many are blackened with the smoke from the pine-wood torches. Others give solemn musical notes when struck, and the echo makes them sound like an organ. In one part, until lately, you had to be lowered into the depth by a rope, while you climb the steep sides to reach still further caves in other directions. Oh, what a beauteous shrine of dark silence is this! for, when nobody is inside, there must be a sublime majesty in its lonely gloom.

And how has all this been formed? Has it been worked by generations of artists? Has it been hewn out by a sudden convulsion of nature? Was it created thus with the world itself, and called into being at once with all its million crystals? Not one of these. Like many of God's most wondrous works, it has been ages in finishing, and this grand town of under-ground architecture has all been formed and beautified by little drops of water, singly adding each its particular atoms to the whole. The water oozes through the roof, and brings with it from the mountain above invisible particles of limestone. The little drop, like a bead of dew, lingers before its fall, and while it hesitates there is deposited above a small grain of crystal, and then the drop leaps down and deposits another little crystal below. And thus millions of drops in thousands of years do each their allotted work, every one bringing the top and bottom of the pillar they form still nearer and nearer to each other, until the parts at last meet and bind together, and remain a lasting monument far more beautiful than the richest work of human art.

Let us learn a good lesson from this in the several parts we are given to do of that eternal Christian temple, the spiritual Church of Christ. Each true sentence, each Christian word, each kind act, each philanthropic look, may every one be charged with good as the little drop with its tiny crystal. And each of them blesses the giver and receiver as the drop leaves and carries its atom of limestone. Every work of the Christian ought to bring the Highest and the lowest nearer together; and by slow but sure and constant effort, he may do his little part in building up "a pillar," not only to strengthen, but to adorn the Christian Church.

A STORY OF THE BASTILLE.

THE following events, which shed an interesting light on French manners and morals and the state of society at the period, took place but a short time before the birth of Louis XIV., the "Grand Monarque" of France. Anne of Austria, the mother of that sovereign, and queen of Louis XIII., had, partly by the machinations of the wily Cardinal Richelieu, who had his own ambitious purposes to serve, and partly by her own imprudences, been for some years estranged and separated from her husband. She is accused by historians of having carried on a forbidden correspondence with her relations in Spain, and of having held various communications with other powers at that time engaged in actual hostility

against France. There may have been morally no crime in such acts as these, and, considering the feelings of an accomplished and enthusiastic woman towards her personal friends, much might be said in extenuation of them; but they were doubtless illegal and unconstitutional, and the suspicion of her guilt exposed her to the indignation both of the king and his minister. That she was not entirely guiltless—not merely of an interdicted correspondence, but of making it the medium of political intrigue—has since been proved; but in apology it may be said, that she was suspected and persecuted before she was guilty, and then was weak enough to revenge herself upon Richelieu by endeavouring to defeat his designs by means of the offence for which she had been unjustly punished. Thus, it is now well known that she endeavoured by her letters to prolong the hostility of the Duke of Lorraine to France; and when at length the cardinal had persuaded the duke to disband his army, she sent to the latter, by an especial messenger, a fool's cap, as a commentary expressing her opinion of his conduct.

The name of this messenger was La Porte, a name well known in the court history of the period. He was a man remarkable for his incorruptible fidelity, and no less remarkable, be it said, for the unscrupulous sacrifices he was ever ready to make, and did make—sacrifices not only of personal ease and self-interest, but of truth and moral obligation—in order to preserve that one virtue of fidelity intact.

The queen's chief agent in her intercourse with her relatives and friends was the Marquis de Mirabel, the Spanish ambassador in the Low Countries. A letter to him from the queen having been intercepted, the perusal of it gave Richelieu a clue to the nature of the correspondence going on. He immediately suspected La Porte, who was the queen's attendant, of being her accomplice. Anne, at this moment, had quitted Paris, leaving her faithful attendant behind her to conclude some arrangements which she had not had time to finish; and with him she had left a letter to be conveyed to the Duchess of Chevreuse, an *intrigante* whom the minister had banished the court. La Porte was to have given this letter for conveyance to a person of the name of Thibaudière; but Thibaudière had been bribed by Richelieu to betray La Porte to any partisan of the queen who might trust him. When offered the letter to the duchess, he begged La Porte to keep it till the following day; to which the latter, suspecting nothing, assented.

As La Porte, after visiting a sick friend, was returning home that night, he was seized, on passing the corner of the Rue Coquillière, by a man, who, advancing behind, placed his hands over the prisoner's eyes and pushed him towards a coach. Ere he could resist, he found himself grasped by a strong party, and was forcibly hoisted into the carriage. The doors, which were without glass, were closely shut, and he was whirled off in darkness, without knowing why or by whom he had been arrested. When at length the vehicle stopped, some gates, through which it had passed, were closed behind it, the doors were thrown open, and the unfortunate attendant of the queen found himself in the court of the Bastille, with five of the

king's musketeers seated with him, and a detachment of some dozen more waiting to receive him.

They commanded him to alight, and without ceremony began searching him. The letter of the queen to the duchess was found on his person, and was of course seized; and La Porte was then passed over the drawbridge, between two ranks of musketeers with their matches lighted, and with an ostentation of grave ceremony, which impressed him with the belief that he was charged with a crime of deepest dye. In the guardhouse he was detained for half an hour, while a dungeon was prepared for him, which his gaolers took care to inform him had last been tenanted by a malefactor who had just been led out to execution. He was then conducted to that stone tower in which Richelieu was in the habit of placing those of his prisoners whom he had destined to a speedy death, and was there thrust into a dungeon closed with three doors—one within, one without, and one half way through the thick wall. This cell was lighted only by a loophole pierced through the thick masonry, with an aperture of only three inches in diameter, and defended from approach by three separate iron gratings. A bed and a table were the sole furniture, with the exception of a straw pallet, for the use of the soldier who was to keep guard over him.

La Porte endeavoured to eat his scanty supper, and then laid down on his bed. He had not yet slept, when he was roused by the report of a musket. This was followed by a loud call to arms. Then the doors of the dungeon were heard to open without, and a stranger was thrust in upon them in the dark. The new-comer, upon being questioned, proved to be a young man, whose history affords a singular illustration of the state of life among a certain section of the wealthy class of the period. He had committed no crime or offence of any kind, but had been sent to the Bastille, *at the instance of his own mother*, for the double purpose of keeping him out of harm's way, and of placing him in a position where he would gain experience of the villainies, the hypocrisies, the delusions, and the treacheries of courtly life before he began to mingle in it, and would thus be prepared to combat the machinations he would be sure to meet with, and escape becoming their victim. But he had grown tired of his college, and, with a couple of his friends similarly situated, had conspired to effect his escape. Having the "liberties of the Bastille," they had been able to communicate with their friends without, and had fully matured their plan; but at the moment of execution the moon shone out, and discovered them in the act of scaling the walls. The sentinel on duty gave the alarm by firing his musket; they were caught *flagrante delicto*, and committed separately to close confinement.

On the following day La Porte was summoned from his dungeon by a sergeant. Alarmed at the summons, he demanded its purport, but could obtain no reply. At the foot of the stairs he was surrounded by soldiers, and led across the court through a crowd of prisoners in the enjoyment of "the liberties," who flocked to see him pass. They shrugged their shoulders, and plainly regarded him as a doomed man; one of them recognising him as the attendant of the queen,

placed his finger on his lips—an admonition which La Porte, as the depository of his royal mistress's secrets, hardly needed.

They led the prisoner to the governor's room, where he found the well-known La Potterie, a creature of Richelieu's, who began to question him as to the letter found on his person, asking who was to have been the bearer of it. La Porte lied unblushingly, and said that he intended to send it by the post. La Potterie replied, that it was plain, from expressions in the letter, that it was to be delivered by a messenger, who would impart additional information; and La Porte, adhering to his falsehood, the judge produced a number of other letters, from which the prisoner saw with horror that his apartments had been entered and his papers seized.

Though the letters which had been seized were in cipher, they fortunately contained nothing of great importance; but the sight of them threw poor La Porte into terror and apprehension, lest those who had searched his apartments had discovered a secret recess in the wall, most artfully contrived, in which the most important of his documents were concealed, together with the key to the cipher in which they were written. If these were discovered, he felt sure that he was a dead man. He controlled his terrors, however, as well as he could, and tried to assume an indifferent behaviour. As La Potterie proceeded with his questions, it became apparent that he was not in possession of the information which the secret repository would have afforded, and La Porte regained the calmness he had assumed. He soon saw that Richelieu had no certain knowledge of anything against the queen, and he therefore resolved unscrupulously to deny everything which he was not forced to confess. The examination lasted two hours; but La Porte returned to his dungeon without having spoken a word that could compromise his mistress.

La Potterie resumed the examination again and again. On the third visit he informed the prisoner that a letter from the queen to the Marquis de Mirabel had been intercepted and shown to her, and that she had not only avowed the correspondence, but had stated that La Porte was the secret agent by whom it was carried on. This was a gross falsehood, devised to make the prisoner confess; and though La Porte suspected such to be the case, his knowledge of the queen's character led him to fear that it might yet be true. He was now left to meditate on his position, and passed some hours in agonies of anxiety.

Just as he was stepping into bed, the doors of his dungeon flew open, and a sergeant at the head of an armed escort ordered him to descend to the court. La Porte, convinced that they were going to put him to death, besought the sergeant to tell him whither he was going, but obtained only an evasive reply. In the court he found a carriage and a body of archers, and he felt assured that his last hour was come. In this state of terror he was carried through all the ordinary places of execution in Paris; but instead of stopping at the scaffold, as he expected, was conducted to the Patais Royal, and there ushered into the presence of Richelieu himself. Here he underwent a fresh examination from that stern prelate, who plied

him with cunning questions in rapid succession, but without eliciting the information he sought. Baffled by the coolness of La Porte, who adhered to his first statement, he tried to bribe him by promises of reward, assuring him at the same time that he could betray no trust, as the queen herself had made a full confession. La Porte knew this last statement to be false, because, had the queen confessed, Richelieu would not have been so ignorant of certain grave facts as he showed himself to be.

Finding promises and threats alike useless, the prelate, with a view to confuse the prisoner, repeated the questions which La Potterie had asked respecting the letter directed to the Duchess of Chevreuse, and demanded who was the person that should have delivered it. La Porte replied, as before, that he was going to send it by the post. "You are a liar," said Richelieu, in a vehement passion; "you would have sent it by Thibaudière; you offered it to him the day before. As in a trifle of this nature you do not speak the truth, you cannot be believed in anything. Now, then, what do you say to that?"

La Porte, seeing that Thibaudière had betrayed him, coolly replied that he *had* said what was not true in this matter, and that he had done so because he did not wish to compromise a gentleman, his friend, for a matter which, as his Eminence had observed, was of so trifling a nature. The equivocation was ingenious, and Richelieu, with a sneer, allowed it to pass. He then commanded La Porte to write to the queen, denying that he had aided in the correspondence which she had acknowledged; but La Porte replied that he dared not address such a letter to his mistress. Richelieu rejoined angrily, and ordered the prisoner back to the Bastille. "You promised," said La Porte, with singular assurance, "that I should not be sent to the Bastille if I told the truth."

"But you have not told the truth," said the cardinal, "and back you go."

La Porte was made to sign his deposition, and then conveyed back to prison. Richelieu, irritated as he was, could but admire the firmness and fidelity of the queen's attendant, and he exclaimed bitterly, "Oh! that I had but one person so devotedly attached to me."

In spite of his refusal, La Porte was subsequently compelled to write a letter to the queen, and he was soon shown an answer, apparently signed by his mistress, commanding him to answer truly to all questions that should be put to him. But he remained still as uncommunicative as ever, not being convinced of the authenticity of the letter. He was then forced to write again and again to the queen, who all this time was in agony lest he should be induced to confess facts which she had repressed, or should be put to the torture for denying what she had acknowledged. In this terrible strait the queen had recourse to a friend, the amiable Madame de Hauteforte, who undertook the perilous and difficult task of conveying to La Porte, in a dungeon of the Bastille, accurate information as to what the queen had really confessed, and what she denied.

Disguised as a domestic servant, Madame de Hauteforte went to the grate through which the prisoners who had the "liberties of the Bastille"

were allowed to speak to their friends. There she found means to interest in her favour a gentleman of the name of De Jars, who readily undertook to convey any papers she might intrust to him, to La Porte. As La Porte was allowed no visitors, and was day and night in presence of a *masketeer*, who kept watch over him, the undertaking of De Jars gave small promise of success. He performed it, however, to admiration, in the following ingenious manner. Having access to the top of the tower in which La Porte was confined, he bored a hole through the roof into the topmost story, in which were confined some prisoners of no note, from Bordeaux. He easily induced these men to pierce the flooring of their room to that below, which was then occupied by the Baron de Tenence and another gentleman. The Baron and his friend as readily made a third hole, into the dungeon of La Porte. The whole of the prisoners, in fact, entered eagerly into the conspiracy to defeat their gaolers, to which they were nerved as much by hatred to the minister as by charity towards their fellow prisoners. An easy means of communication was thus soon established between De Jars and La Porte. As soon as the soldier on guard left the dungeon of the latter, notice was given to those above, and down came a cord through the three apertures, bearing the notes of De Jars, and returning with the answers of La Porte—which latter were written with ink made from burnt straw and oil saved from the salad of his supper. It was not long ere, by this means, he had imparted to the queen the joyful intelligence that he had not betrayed her, and had obtained in return such information as secured his own life from peril.

All this was accomplished just in time. Richelieu, determined to get at the truth, sent the infamous and sanguinary Lafeymas to try his arts with La Porte. This man left no means untried to cajole, to terrify, or entrap the prisoner. He threatened, he promised, he lied; he embraced, he kissed him; and, finding all this in vain, he suddenly changed his tone, and, drawing forth a paper, showed La Porte his sentence of condemnation to the question ordinary and extraordinary. He then took him down to the chamber of the rack, and showed him all the instruments of torture, causing the sergeant to explain the use of the planks, the pulleys, the wedges, the screws, and to dilate upon the agonies which they caused.

Whatever La Porte may have felt at the exhibition of this chamber of horrors, he was now perfectly well prepared to escape becoming a victim. Pretending, however, to be profoundly moved, he now acknowledged that he had something to confess, if one of the queen's attendants were brought on her part to command him to do so. Lafeymas asked which of the attendants he would choose. La Porte named La Rivière, an intimate of the judge, and who he knew would not scruple to say anything the cardinal wished. Lafeymas, overjoyed, apprised Richelieu of his success; and in a few hours La Rivière was confronted with La Porte, who commanded him in the name of the queen, whose message he affected to bear, to reveal everything that he knew concerning her.

La Porte, assuming the air of a man delivered

from a heavy responsibility, said that, such being the case, he would confess everything, though, had he not received her majesty's command, he would have died a thousand deaths sooner than have betrayed her secrets. He then deposed freely to precisely those facts which he knew by his secret instructions the queen had avowed; and denied, with the frankest air in the world, that anything else had taken place.

Completely deceived by the similarity of the confession, and convinced that he had elicited the truth, Richelieu abandoned all further persecution of the queen and her faithful attendant. For once in his life his fraudulent policy had found its match, and was defeated by stratagems superior even to his own. La Porte was released from the Bastille; the king sent for his wife, and became reconciled to her after years of estrangement and separation. Within twelve months she bore him a son, who was afterwards Louis XIV, the proudest monarch France has ever seen. On the death of Louis XIII, La Porte was rewarded for his fidelity by being appointed gentleman of the bed-chamber to the young king, whom he used to regard as the child of his obstinate reticence.

What a fearful picture does the above narrative present of the corrupt state of society in France two hundred years ago! All the obligations of morality and religion are unhesitatingly ignored and cast aside; deceit, delusion, falsehood, and treachery are the weapons of either party; and the contest on which depend the life and the honour of a gentleman and a queen, is won at last by persistent mendacity against courtly cruelty and hatred, and suspicions for which, baffled as they were, there were yet ample grounds. Yet such must ever be the poisoned atmosphere of courts where the pure principles of Christianity are not adopted and acted upon.

THE REPUBLIC OF LIBERIA.

PART III.

It may be concluded, that so novel an establishment as that of Liberia, planted on the very confines of barbarism, rendered especially ferocious by the brutalizing influence of the slave trade, would not be permitted to take root unmolested by those whose interests were affected by it. At various times, indeed, since their settlement, the colonists have had to fight for their lives, in which contests many valuable men have been sacrificed. In all, however, they have come off victorious; and we believe that in most cases the attacks have resulted in their opponents, the native chiefs, begging to be incorporated with the republic. We will relate two or three of the most striking instances.

Two traders had come to the coast of Bassa, erected a factory, offered great bargains to the natives, and made every preparation for carrying on the slave trade on an extensive scale.

"It must not, and shall not be," exclaimed Governor Buchanan. "Fire, famine, blood, and chains, are the necessary elements of the slave trade! What multiplied miseries is this traffic inflicting on this unhappy country! It must be

stopped." He immediately sent an order to the traders to leave the coast instantly, or run the risk of having their property destroyed and their factories ruined. The order was treated with contempt.

"Leave! no; tell Governor Buchanan we shall stay as long as we please, and trade in just what suits us best," cried the intruding factor; and forthwith he set about adding to his stores, enlarging his barracoons, and making every preparation for a permanent settlement.

The governor again sent to him, threatening hostility if his orders were not obeyed. The message was treated as before, and the governor resolved that no time should be lost in executing his threats. The militia of Monrovia were at once assembled, and he presented the facts before them, asking for forty volunteers to come forward and support their government. The number at once stepped out and offered themselves, and he then sent to New Georgia for thirty more, and obtained them. These were placed under the command of Colonel Elijah Johnson, the oldest and bravest of the colonial militia, and marched for Little Bassa. Three schooners, filled with ammunition, put to sea, to aid and to operate with the land forces at the scene of action. The whole amounted to one hundred men, under the direction of the Marshal of Liberia, Mr. Lewis, all animated with the same heroic determination to expel the slavers, or die in the attempt.

Three days passed away, and the inhabitants of Monrovia were anxiously waiting the result, when the governor was thrown into the greatest alarm by seeing the schooners return, they having been unable to double the cape against a strong east wind and a heavy sea. "What has become of the land force, deprived of the assistance of the fleet?" he exclaimed, filled with fearful forebodings of their fate. It was a moment of intense anxiety and gloom. Just then, an English man-of-war arrived in the harbour, with a fine snug fast-sailing slaver, which had been recently captured, and which, on learning the critical state of things, the commander placed at the disposal of the governor. In an incredibly short time her captain and crew were landed, and the governor was on board with men, arms, ammunition, and provisions. By daylight the following morning, little more than thirty-six hours after her departure, the slave schooner "Euphrates" anchored off Little Bassa. At that early hour nothing could be distinctly seen on shore, and a canoe was instantly despatched to learn the situation of affairs around the barracoons. As the day opened, a scene of fearful interest burst upon the eyes and ears of the governor and his party. About a hundred and fifty yards from the beach, on a little clearing amidst the forest, arose the barracoons and a few native huts, from the walls of which now gleamed, in hot and quick succession, the fire and steel of musketry. The woods muttered an angry answer; the roaring and blazing of guns burst forth upon the barracoons on every side. Who were the besieged? Were they friends or foes behind those palisades? None could tell. Breathless and anxious stood the men on deck, watching the varying struggle, and the return of the canoe was waited for with the utmost solicitude.

"Dem live for fight dere now; 'Merica man have barracoons; country man in woods all round! Fash man, stand back; spose you go on shore, all catch plenty balls," shouted the Krooman, as soon as he was within hailing distance. "'Merica man in the barracoons."

The little force of Liberians then was surrounded and hotly besieged by a savage and angry enemy of tenfold their number, thirsting for their blood. Their ammunition must have been well nigh exhausted.

A new difficulty and danger sprung up. The governor was on board a well-known slaver. The settlers, mistaking them for Spaniards, come up to reinforce the enemy, might fire upon them; or, seeing no way of safety but in retreat, abandon the barracoons and attempt to cut their way into the forest. What was to be done? "We must communicate with the barracoons; we must convey information to our friends with all possible despatch; who will go on this perilous enterprise?" asked the governor, looking round on his men.

"I will go, sir," cried a young American sailor, stepping forth from the crew, with fire in his eye and unflinching courage stamped on every feature of his face.

"It may cost you your life," said the governor, fixing his keen eye upon the man.

"Never mind, I will go," was the bold reply.

With a hastily penned note to Colonel Johnson hidden in his bosom, he accordingly set off on his dangerous errand. The brave Liberians in the barracoons were all this time watching anxiously the schooner; when her masts and spars became first visible in the morning light, they hailed her as the promised aid. "Aid! aid!" they shouted one to another, joyfully; "thank God, aid is near." How, then, must their hopes have been dashed on discovering her to be the slaver "Euphrates!"

As the second canoe pushed from the vessel's side, it was seen by Colonel Johnson, who exclaimed: "There goes the slaver to concert measures with the natives for a combined attack. If he reaches them, we are lost. He must be cut off." And, at the head of a handful of men, Johnson rushed out to attack him, as the surf threw the canoe upon the beach. The brave sailor found himself thus beset with foes on every side. No sooner had he landed, than a party of natives, concealed in the bushes, seized the poor fellow, and, discovering him to be "'Merica man," were about to despatch him with their knives, when Johnson's party, who saw in the movement something auspicious to themselves, made a furious onset on the savage who held his knife at the sailor's throat, and instantly shot him down.

Meanwhile, the governor and his men were already under way. A party of savages stood ready to cut them off as they landed. Before this could be done, however, a sudden and heavy fire from the boats reached their ranks, and scattered them into the forest. With a joyful welcome was the governor received as he crossed the threshold of the barracoons. For an instant, a rattling shower of balls was unheeded, while the men threw up their caps, shouting, "Hurra! hurra! for Governor Buchanan." Prompt measures were

immediately resorted to; some houses outside the palisades, which had afforded shelter to the savages, were quickly destroyed. A sally was made into the nearest thickets, where a large body of the natives had entrenched themselves. They were speedily routed, and a party of axemen soon levelled the cover to the ground. The property saved by the marshal began to be shipped, and the whole day was passed in industriously working, and as manfully fighting. It was a day of vigilant, severe, unrelaxing toil.

The next day, it being reported that Laing had determined to reinforce himself with other native princes, and continue the combat, the schooner was despatched to Monrovia for more volunteers, two field-pieces, 14,000 ball-cartridges, and other articles necessary to their position. On our return, the governor sent a message to the native kings, demanding the instant surrender of the slaves in their possession, and desiring of them to make a treaty of peace within twenty-four hours. The messenger came back in the evening, bringing word that the king of the district would appear the next morning on the beach.

The next day, accordingly, a white flag was borne towards the barracoons. "Bob Gray," the king, was said to be on the beach, fearful of approaching nearer. Governor Buchanan, therefore, with an escort of seventy-three men, marched out to meet him. It was some time before Bob Gray consented to issue from the bushes; and, when he did, he shook from fear, though surrounded by a body-guard of three hundred warriors. Before saying a word, he gave up the slaves in his possession, and piteously bewailed his folly in making war on the "Americans." The terms of peace were readily agreed to, written, and signed on a drum-head, the principal articles of which were, that he (Bob Gray) would never deal in slaves again, or enter, in any way, into the slave trade.

The encampment was broken up next morning, and both land and sea forces returned to Monrovia, with the loss of only one Krooman. Six or eight Liberians were wounded, amongst whom was Colonel Johnson. The loss of the enemy was more considerable. The spot is now known as "the Factory."

But the most fearful encounter with the natives was in the attack made upon the settlement at Hedington, which is described as follows:—"On the 16th of March, a fearful onset on the unoffending town of Hedington was made, when between three and four hundred warriors, consisting of Candoos, Veyes, and Mamboos, headed by four chiefs (of whom Goterah was principal), suddenly appeared before it. So sure were they of victory, that Goterah had brought a pot, for the purpose of cooking Mr. Brown, the missionary, for his breakfast. The Mission-house was on one side of the settlement, behind a large field of cassadas. At this time there were two carpenters, from Caldwell, living at the Mission-house—Zion Harris and Demery—who had come for the purpose of building a church and school-house for the mission. At daylight a report of guns was heard, and immediately a voice, shouting, 'War, war, war is come!' whilst a horde of savages came rushing through the cassada field, uttering the most horrid yells. Harris and Demery, seizing their mus-

kets and cartridges, rushed out, and took their stand behind the picket-fence which surrounded the house, as the enemy, like furious tigers, pressed madly forward. Their course was suddenly checked by a deadly discharge from the muskets of the carpenters, which stretched several of the leading warriors on the ground. Before recovering from their panic, Brown opened a heavy discharge upon them from the upper windows, and a conflict ensued, in the course of which Goterah fell.

"The death of Goterah gave great joy to the natives, far and near. Some came from a great distance to see the man who had slain the tyrant, saying, 'Merica man's God, is God for true.' Another chief, Gotumber, was determined to revenge the death of Goterah, but failed to effect his purpose; and this proved to be the last attack of the natives.

"Six or seven kings, who had stood ready to join the strongest party, now hastened to Monrovia with presents and protestations of friendship; whilst from the interior tribes, messengers were sent to beg an alliance with Liberia. One article in every treaty was always insisted on by the governor—Never, in any way, to be engaged in the slave trade."

"Every man seemed glad to be freed from the attacks of the dreadful Gotumber, who, driven from his town, and shunned by the neighbouring kings, was forced to skulk in the woods without a hut for shelter, and nothing but wild yams for food. The feeling began extensively to prevail, that in Liberia, and there alone, was there security from the liability of being seized and sold into slavery. This idea cannot be more touchingly expressed than in the reply of a poor fellow from the river Congo. On being asked whether he did not wish to return to his own country, 'No, no,' said he; 'if I go back to my country, they make me slave. I am here free; no one dare trouble me. I got my wife, my land, my children; learn book—all free. I am here a *white* man; me no go back.'"

In the year 1839, it was found desirable that a constitution should be drawn up, defining the rights, duties, privileges, etc., of the colonists. Accordingly, one was sent out with the new governor, Thomas Buchanan. At this period the colony contained nine towns; owned 500,000 acres of rich land; had four printing presses; two newspapers—the "Liberian Herald," and the "African Liberator;" twenty-one churches; thirty ministers; ten day schools; and many Sabbath schools. It still maintained its connection with the colonization societies; and whilst the colony was in its infancy, and required constant pecuniary aid, this was essential to its welfare. But in 1846, after nearly thirty years of existence, the increasing numbers, wealth, and influence of the Liberian colony, suggested to them the necessity of self-government. The anomalous and inconsequential position they had hitherto held as a dependency on a simple society, possessing no recognised political character, and claimed by no state, was becoming embarrassing to them. With unequalled facilities for commercial operations, it was their wish to form alliances and commercial treaties with England and France; but the governments of those countries could not, in the position in which

the colony stood, recognise them, or be of any service to them in a political relationship. They therefore determined to declare their independence, and form themselves into a republic, after the model of that of the United States. With the full consent of the Colonization Society, a declaration of independence was drawn up by Simon Greenleaf, LL.D., Professor of Law in Harvard College, Cambridge, Massachusetts. The form of government consisted of a president, elected by the people, and sustaining, with the executive power, the office also of commander-in-chief of the army and navy, with power to call out the militia during the recess, for the defence of the republic. The legislative power is vested in a senate and a house of representatives, styled collectively the "Legislature of Liberia." Each of these has a negative, or veto, on the acts of the other.

The act of declaration of independence was signed on the 24th of August, 1847; and the first president was Mr. Roberts, a gentleman who had been for some years in the colony. Immediately after, they drew up resolutions, declaring their withdrawal from all political relations with the American colonization societies. In the flag they adopted was inscribed the national motto, "Liberty brought us here." With respect to the act of independence, it ought to be stated that it is drawn up after the model of that of the United States, with this important exception, that it not only declares that "all men are born free and equal," etc., but in the most emphatic and unequivocal terms repudiates and denounces the slave trade and slavery, and proposes for ever to banish both from the Liberian territory.

I AM.—Who can conceive a more beautiful connection of sublime ideas than is found in the following.—The authorship is attributed to Bishop Beveridge:—"I AM." He doth not say, I AM their light, their guide, their strengthening tower, but only I AM. He sets, as it were, his hand to blank, that his people may write under it what they please that is good for them. As if he said: 'Are they weak? I AM strength. Are they poor? I AM riches. Are they in trouble? I AM comfort. Are they sick? I AM health. Are they dying? I AM life. Have they nothing? I AM all things: I AM wisdom and power; I AM glory, beauty, holiness, eminency, super-eminency, perfection, all-sufficiency, eternity. JEHOVAH, I AM! Whatsoever is amiable in itself, and desirable to them, that I AM. Whatsoever is pure and holy, whatsoever is good and needful to make men happy, that I AM.'"

THE CHRISTIAN'S POSSESSIONS AMIDST ALL HIS LOSSES.—A poor, simple man once said: "I have lost all my property; I have lost all my relatives; my last son is dead; I have lost my hearing and my eyesight; I am all alone, old and poor; but it makes no difference—Christ never grows old; Christ never is poor; Christ never dies, and Christ never will forsake me."

FAITH AND WORKS.—It is an unhappy division that has been made between faith and works. Though in my intellect I may divide them, just as in the candle I know there is both light and heat; but yet, put out the candle, and they are both gone! one remains not without the other; so it is with faith and works.—Selden.

It is easier sometimes to keep a good conscience than a good name. Hold fast the former, though you are robbed of the latter.

LIVING faith in God's promises should quicken our pace in the way of duty and the path of tribulation.

Varieties.

WANT OF VENTILATION IN MODERN ROOMS.—The manner in which rooms are now constructed is, in my opinion, really criminal: one would suppose that every pains and care were taken to render them as thoroughly uncomfortable and unhealthy as possible; they are positively as much like air-tight boxes as they can be. They have no properly constructed inlets for fresh air, which is left to get in as it can, through the chinks and crevices of ill-fitting doors or windows. It is a mercy, for the sake of their inmates, that the joiner does not more perfectly complete his work; were he so to do, the chances are that they would not "live out half their days," where the foul or respired air is guardedly retained, as though tenacious of losing one breath. It is scarcely necessary to say that when air has passed from the lungs, it has acquired that levity with which Nature, in her wondrous adaptations, has invested it, and by which it rises to the ceiling—if not allowed to escape, spreads itself out into a thin layer over the cold surface of our plaster ceilings—condenses into a heavier gas than the pure air, and from thence descends upon the unfortunate inmates of the apartment, to be by them re-breathed. It is true that a portion escapes up the chimney (provided there be a fire burning), but it must be borne in mind, that as the chimney-place is usually lower than the mouths of persons sitting in the rooms, so in its passage to the fire-place it must pass below the level of their mouths, and consequently be inhaled, with all its sickly and pestilential qualities. Nature would effect all the purposes of ventilation if we did not prevent her.—*The Builder.*

SIGNIFICATION OF LADIES' NAMES.—Mary, Maria, Marie (French), signify exalted. According to some, Mary means lady of the sea. Martha, interpreted, is bitterness; Isabel signifies lovely; Julia and Juliet, soft-haired; Gertrude, all truth; Eleanor, all fruitful; Ellen—originally the Greek Helen—signifies alluring, though, according to the Greek authors, it means one who pities. The interpretation of Caroline is regal; that of Charlotte, is a Queen; Elizabeth and Eliza signify true; Clara, bright or clear-eyed; Agnes, chaste; Amanda, amiable; Laura, laurel; Edith, joyous; Olivia, peace; Phoebe, light of life; Grace, favour; Sarah, or Sally, a princess; Sophia, wisdom; Amelia, Amy, beloved; Matilda, a noble maid; Pauline, little one; Margaret, a pearl; Rebecca, plump; Hannah, Anne, Ann, and Nancy, all of which are of the same original name, interpreted, mean grace or kind. Jane signifies dignity; Ida, the morning star; Lucy, brightness of aspect; Louisa, or Louise, one who protects; Emma, toudier; Catherine, pure; Frances, or Fanny, frank or free; Lydia, severe; Minerva, chaste.—*Ladies' Note Book.*

CHINESE MEDICINE.—The following appears in the "Opinione" of Turin:—"A missionary who has just returned from China states that, in that country, a kind of *polygala* is successfully used as a cure for hydrophobia. This plant has thick leaves, and its stem contains a milk juice; it grows to the height of two feet, with a thickness like that of a goose-quill. The flowers are small, and of nearly the same colour as the leaves. Its root is perennial, and annually produces new shoots and stems. There are several kinds of *polygala* in Europe, two of which are used in medicine against the bite of reptiles. In order to apply this plant as a remedy, the Chinese gather a handful of the stalks, crush them, and cook them in water in which about two pounds of raw rice have been washed. The decoction is effected by means of a water-bath. The juice is then strained, and half a quart of it is administered to the patient, if he be an adult, and this draught is continued for several days, gradually diminishing the dose. Sometimes a single dose suffices for a radical cure. It is also administered to animals with their food, large cattle requiring a much larger quantity."

SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE LAW OF GOD.—Some Europeans in New Zealand had engaged natives to accompany them on a journey, and carry their luggage. The sabbath overtook them on the road; the Europeans wished to proceed, but the natives said, "No, it is sabbath; we must rest." The travellers went forward without their

native attendants, and refused to pay them when they had accomplished their journey with the luggage, because they would not travel on the sabbath. The natives inquired, "What are we to do with the law of God?" and received for answer, "What have we to do with the law of God? what is that to us?" One of the natives retorted, by saying: "You have much to do with that law. Were it not for the law of God, we should not have exercised the forbearance we have, on your refusal to give us payment. We should have robbed you, and taken all you possessed, and sent you about your business. You have that much to do with the law of God."—*Juvenile Missionary Magazine.*

MUSHROOMS AND SALT.—An intelligent farmer of the parish of Forthampton, in the county of Gloucester, determined to give a heavy dressing of salt to a field of grass which had been frequently flooded by a small brook that flows into the Longdon marshes. His reason, he informed me, was "to take the sourness out of the grass." The field was dressed in the spring-time, and the following autumn a most astonishing crop of mushrooms sprang up. One person alone sold £20 worth of "small buttons" for pickling, and immense basketfuls were gathered by many of the poorer neighbours who were fortunate enough to hear of this fungal development. I took some trouble to examine into their history, and cannot account for the circumstance in any other way than by the theory of a *quiescent vitality of the thallus*, which was developed by the salt. The field is an alluvial deposit, surrounded by many others of precisely the same soil, and also subject to floods, but which, undressed with salt, yielded no mushrooms.—*Stones of the Valley.*

THE COMMANDMENTS.—The late Dr. Lockhart, of the College Church, Glasgow, when travelling in England, was sojourning at an inn when the sabbath came round. On entering the public room, and about to set out to church, he found two gentlemen preparing for a game of chess. He addressed them in words to this effect:—"Gentlemen, have you locked up your portmanteaus carefully?" "No. What! are there thieves in this house?" "I did not say that; only I was thinking that if the waiter comes in and finds you making free with the fourth commandment, he may think of making free with the eighth commandment." Upon this, the gentlemen said, "There is something in that;" and so laid aside their game.

PERSIAN PROPHECIES CIRCULATING IN INDIA.—A correspondent of the Calcutta "Englishman" affirms that General Low has received a number of couplets in Persian, said to be composed by Niamutollah 700 years ago. They begin with a prophetic enumeration of the successive rulers of Hindostan, and conclude with stating that the rule of the English is to expire in 1260 Hegira, corresponding to A.D. 1844. The verses have been circulated through the whole of the North-West.

FUEL.—Until the time of Edward II, London used only wood for fuel, drawn from the neighbouring forests. In this reign, however, coal began to be imported from Newcastle; and the effects of the smoke speedily showing themselves, Parliament, in 1316, petitioned the king to prohibit its use in London, on the ground of its being a public nuisance. Whereupon he ordered all who burnt sea-borne coal to be mulcted, and, on a second offence, to have their furnaces demolished.—*Things not Generally Known.*

PAST AND PRESENT VALUE OF MONEY.—In 1209, the price of a fat lamb in London, from Christmas to Shrove-tide, was 16d. (Stillington's "Chronicum Rationum," p. 66). Three years afterwards the price of a fat wether was 1s., and that of a ewe 8d.—*Dugdale's "History of St. Paul's Cathedral."*

In 1824, there were 50,000 tons of coal used in the production of gas in London! In 1851, there were 500,000 tons used in one establishment.

NEVER give your tongue its full liberty; let it always be your servant, never your master.